

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

Number 6.

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Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 31, 1874.

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Farewell.

The crimson sunset faded into gray;
Upon a murmurous sea the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head in the soft purple sky
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met and parted with a cry
That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one soared west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell," I thought. It is the earth's one speech,
All human voices the sad chorus swell;
Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet must he say "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard "Farewell!"

Farewell, farewell,—from wave to wave 'tis tossed,
From wind to wind; earth has one tale to tell,
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

CELIA THAXTER,—in *October Atlantic*.

A Story of the Morgue.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, FOR THE SCHOLASTIC.

In the year 1867, so related the celebrated Jesuit Father C—, I happened to be at Paris, resting from my missionary labors in Central Africa, and in the mean time collecting for our schools and orphan asylums. It was on the evening of the 22nd December, about 10 o'clock. I was just finishing my Office when somebody knocked at my door. In came a gentleman neatly dressed, who, bowing respectfully, said to me: "*Monsieur l'Abbé*, I beg your pardon for disturbing you at such a late hour; I come to call you to a dying man who wishes to see you instantly."

"Why do you not call your parish priest?" replied I, "for I am a perfect stranger here."

"The dying man wants to see you; of course I leave it to yourself, if you can refuse to go; we have no time to lose."

Without reflecting further upon such a strange call, I started at once. At the door, a splendid carriage was waiting for us. I was politely invited in; the door was locked,

and my visitor disappeared. We went on in a speedy gallop. To my great surprise I now saw three other men in the carriage, so rough-looking that I tried to escape, but it was of no use. One of my companions carried a dagger, and the other two were armed with revolvers. They assured me that they would not do me any harm if I would remain still and consent to be blindfolded. Their strict and solemn silence during the long ride, which lasted almost two mortal hours, frightened me almost to death. Finally we arrived at our journey's end. I was led through a large building and passed many halls. One of my leaders then took the cravat from my eyes, and I was left locked up in a magnificent parlor. The splendid furniture showed the wealth of the owners. In vain did I look for a bed. Then I noticed a gentleman sitting in a costly *fouteuil*;—he was one of the noblest looking gentlemen I ever met. He was of middle age, and did not exhibit the slightest sign of sickness. He arose, shook hands with me, and invited me to take a seat. I told him what I had been called for, and that there must be either a mistake or a mystification.

"Indeed, Rev. Father," replied he, with a bitter smile, "you have been called to a man condemned to death; though my health is good, I have but one hour to live, and I want you to prepare me for a happy death. In order that you may understand me well, know that I am a member of a Secret Society. I have been one of the heads of it, for they knew my high position and my influence in state affairs. During the twenty-eight years past I worked faithfully, but lately I was appointed to put to death a most esteemed Prelate. I positively declined, for my conscience did not allow me to comply. I was aware of the firmness of our constitutions, and I could expect but death. The inevitable sentence has fallen, and this very night I must die. When received into the Society, I should have sworn to decline the priest's services forever. I refused; but as they knew my influence they did not insist upon the condition, so I am allowed to enjoy the consolation of your presence. To avoid every suspicion, you have been called, as being unacquainted here."

"But what kind of death will you have to suffer?"

"A very simple one: they will pierce a large fork through my throat so as to sever the chief veins. Death will be instant. In this same manner I have assassinated more than fifty of our members who had been unfaithful! But, dear Father, please hear my confession, we have no time to lose," said he, looking at his watch.

He knelt down. I asked strength from Heaven, and never had I said more fervently: "May God be on your heart and on your lips, that you may confess all your sins."

An hour might have passed, when the door was unlocked and several men entered the parlor to take my penitent

off. He asked of them a half an hour more, for he had not finished his confession. They told him to be ready in twenty minutes, and left us.

He finished his confession, and as I had pronounced the consoling words of the Absolution, he kissed my hand and a flood of tears started from his eyes. I was more than sorry that I was unable to give him the Bread of Life, the Holy Communion. I gave him, however, a small particle of the Holy Cross, which he hung on his breast and kissed. I inquired if I could do anything more for him. He requested me to see his virtuous wife, and his beloved daughter who had taken the veil among the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, to ask their prayers for his poor soul and to assure them that he died reconciled with God, whom he had so long neglected.

I promised to do so, but I begged him to write a few lines. He took my memorandum book and wrote the following letter to his wife:

"DEAREST CLOTILDE:—Having but a few moments to live, I beg your pardon for all the sufferings I have caused you. Give my love to my poor dear children. However, be consoled: I am well prepared for the terrible journey, and I am persuaded that I shall meet you all in eternal bliss.

"Yours faithfully,

THEODORE."

As I was about to add a few consoling words, the assassins entered the room. I fell on my knees to intercede for him, begged them to spare the life of such a father, and not to stain their hands with his blood. They laughed, and one of the ruffians gave me a blow. They laid hands on him and took him off. "Farewell, dear Father, and may God bless you for what you have done for me! Remember me at the altar!" . . . These were the last words I heard.

I sank on my knees and offered up a fervent prayer to Heaven for the poor victim of such wickedness. God only knows all I suffered: I became unconscious. When I returned to myself the same assassins stood before me and I could not help thinking that the same destiny awaited me. They blindfolded me again and led me through many rooms, till finally we came to a magnificent dining-room, illuminated by thousands of lights. The tables were most sumptuously set, and a crowd of elegant ladies and gentlemen were assembled. Some were taking refreshments, others were chatting together. The bandage was removed from my eyes and I was politely invited to take some refreshments, which I declined, for I wanted to say Mass that morning and it was past two o'clock already. They did not insist upon it. As I manifested my wish to depart, four gentlemen led me to the carriage, when the bandage was once more placed on my eyes. After a long, silent ride, I was taken out of the carriage; they made me sit down on a spot as cold as ice. What was it? I do not know. Every moment I thought that I felt a dagger in my heart. I suffered a terrible agony for over an hour. As I did not hear anyone I untied my eyes and I found myself in the garden of a beautiful villa. It was about day-break. I stepped towards the house; and before I could knock, a young woman opened the door. I apologized for such an early call, and I told her that I had been sent to visit a dying person and that I missed the road. She called her husband, and I inquired where I was. . . "*Monsieur l'Abbé*," said he, "you are about three leagues from Paris."

"Three leagues from Paris?" . . . I did not know what to reply.

"Yes, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, three leagues from Paris; if you wish to return you are welcome to go with me, as I drive there every morning." We arrived safe in the city, and I went home. There, for a long while, I did not know whether I was asleep or awake. I went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart and said Mass for the poor victim. After thanksgiving I went to the parlor and sent for the Superioress. On seeing my appearance, she asked me if I was ill. I did not answer, but related all that had happened, having been assured that the Sister would keep it a secret. Shedding a flood of tears, she told me that the daughter of the unfortunate man was in the very same Convent, and was one of the most edifying of its inmates; that she prayed every day for her father's conversion, and that she would be consoled to hear of it. However, I was not yet prepared to announce to her the terrible death of her beloved father.

At Christmas, while thinking over the fearful event, I was struck at seeing several death-notices in one of the newspapers. It was further announced that there were several corpses exposed in the Morgue (the place where corpses of unknown people are kept till recognized). I went there the next day, and how great was my astonishment when I found the corpse of the victim of Freemasonry and my relic of the Holy Cross. I examined the body, and found the wounds on the throat!

Next day I went as I had promised to the Convent of the Sacred Heart. A young Sister opened the door, and in a flood of tears she begged me to pray for her father.

"What happened to your poor father?"

"Alas! I have lost him forever, even if he would he could not repent of his sins; he was a Freemason, and was murdered!"

There was now no doubt. I had met with the daughter of the unfortunate man, and I could not be silent any longer "No," said I, "God has heard your prayer." I took my memorandum-book and showed her the letter written by the trembling hand of her father. She kissed it, fell on her knees and uttered a loud cry: "Thanks be to God, my father is saved!"

A. L.

Sunnyside Reveries.

STRAWS FLOAT ON THE SURFACE.

To-day I was reading in an old book, filled with those quaint sayings that have so many meanings, this novel sentence: "Great circumstances make great men, but little circumstances make men great." Now one who reflects at all cannot fail at some time in his life to inquire, in just what measure circumstances make or shape the course of man's prosperity or degradation; and the answer is not always satisfactory. We see idle men—straws—floating along on the surface, without a thought or a care as to whither they are going; and they seem to be happy, and we cannot doubt that they are,—happy in the same sense that ignorance is sometimes bliss. We are prone to follow, or at least to wish to follow, all such examples. The love of toil is not innate. We are constitutionally lazy. God made us so, and for a wise purpose, the intent of which can only be seen in the application, through long years of patient labor and suffering.

Were labor a pleasure it would lose the greater part of its reward. God furnished the timber, iron and stone, but

He did not erect our habitations. He furnished the soil and the seed, but man must cultivate; and to insure the necessity of that cultivation He created the weeds and thistles, which required no cultivation, and ordained that they should overcome and smother out the seed if not eradicated; He gave us faculties, but He did not cultivate them: all pointing out the certain Divine command—Labor. But the idle man sees nothing of this; he only comprehends the fact that the world is very beautiful, and that God did a very wise thing in creating the shade for him to lie in. He never thinks that this must all be paid for, but educates himself in such sophistry as requires very little thought. He always keeps up his faith in circumstances—and is, whether he believe it or not, a fatalist. He will tell you that certain men were born to fill positions of honor and trust, and no amount of exertion can raise any other man to those places. He will show you how contentment is the true source of happiness, and a thousand other old maxims which he has perverted to justify the course he is pursuing. Now, the influence of circumstances in shaping our mental and moral growth is very slight. It depends upon the man himself. If he have the will and earnest determination to be a scholar, a philosopher or mathematician, then all the circumstances that were ever combined cannot prevent him. He will rise above them, and come out from the conflict a stronger and greater man for having overcome them. If he have genius, then so much the better or the worse for him in proportion as he interprets and makes use of it. Many a man who might have been, and should have been, a brilliant light in the intellectual world, in the bitterness and humiliation of defeat can thank genius for his ruin. Genius, like circumstances, is only an aid when rightly used; and it is so often abused, and is altogether such an intangible and difficult thing to understand, that I would prefer the faculty of earnest, steady application to produce great results, to all the genius that was ever concentrated in the world.

It is easy for a straw to float on the surface; and it is deserving of no reward for so doing. Now, I might point out to the idler how he is ignoring, going against the express will of God; I might appeal to the highest possible motives for action, motives that transcend the bounds of earthly things and overlap the infinite, but in all probability he would fail to comprehend my meaning, and possibly doubt my sincerity. But this he can understand, and I appeal to the experience of the world, in all ages, for its truth, that unless you labor the world will despise you. You cannot avoid it, it is fixed, and perfectly immutable. Ambitious men will pass you by; honest men will shun you. The world has work to do, and they who are willing to do their own work and yours will receive the reward that belongs to you, and never thank you for it. No, they will despise you rather for the indolent, useless creature that you are. A man who adds nothing to the great granary of the world is a beneficiary—a nuisance—and working men are justified in condemning him. Men do not work for the mere love of toil, it is not natural; but along the whole pathway of life are strewn the legitimate rewards of labor, and they alone are sufficient incentive. Here is where little circumstances make men great. The habit of labor is a little thing, but it must be acquired; and its acquisition renders its possessor the peer of the world's kings.

Young man! are you a student? The world has need of you by-and-by; it cannot afford to lose you, nor can you afford it. No matter how humble are your prospects, or how simple your ambition, you, at least, wish to be respected, you wish to be considered a man; and I tell you unless you study, unless you labor, you cannot be respected, and you will surely be despised. The world will pay for that which it receives; and though it may not reward you as you think you deserve, yet the consciousness of your own self-respect is worth the remainder. Here then is the great circumstance which will make you a great man. It remains with you to say whether you will improve it and accept your certain reward, or drift down the stream of life—a straw—to the great unfathomable ocean of the world beyond. You have a talent! Will you bury it in the mire of vice and sin, which is always the result of idleness? If so, how will you account for it when you stand before your Creditor and your Judge? Will you dare to excuse your idleness? I think not.

It makes but little difference what you do, if you only do it well; the world is not over-critical. Peter the Great learned to make shoes, and said the happiest days of his life were passed in that employment. You can do something; only prove your title to the name of man, and the world will honor you for it. Do not be discouraged if you have mistaken your calling. There are positions which you will never reach, and it is well for you that you cannot. You may never become President of the United States. God may not have given you capacity to fill the position, but you can fill some other position—and there are thousands of them—just as honorable. You may not be able to write a great book, or poem, but you can, at least, assist to make the paper on which it is written. Then there is no excuse for you to remain idle. You can find work to do. Be ready, and if circumstances favor you, accept them, but never wait for anything so fickle and uncertain. You will find this course the wisest and most practical for you to pursue. 'Twill strew your pathway with garlands here, and when you are called beyond the river of life you will not go empty-handed. T. A. D.

Reading Aloud.

All students who intend embracing in after-life some profession ought to practice reading aloud. It is an exercise which combines a muscular effort with a mental one, and hence has a twofold advantage. It does not require a teacher, and may perhaps be better cultivated alone than under instruction. I say it may perhaps be better cultivated alone than under a teacher, because the person practicing the exercise will acquire a naturalness of tone from instinct more than from art; for if dependent on instruction, all he acquires comes to him from the rules and directions laid down by the master, while if left to himself it must be his own instincts which must guide him. The most that is required of the person who practices this exercise is that he should make a strong effort to understand fully the mind of the author, that he thoroughly master the sense of the subject read.

In order that a person may read aloud well, it is necessary that he not only understand the subject, but moreover that he should hear his own voice and that he should feel within him that he enunciates distinctly and clearly each and every syllable. Then he should endeavor to so modu-

late his voice as that it matters not what be the number of his auditors or what their distance from him, he may be heard by all of them. In this he must be taught by himself alone, and be made perfect by experience. He should feel that he is heard by all if he would read well. He should be able to say whether or not he is heard by the auditors in the farthest part of the room: if he is not able to tell whether he is heard or not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

The lungs are developed by reading aloud just as they are by singing. They are helped by loud reading, if properly done, because its effect is to induce every once in a while the drawing of a long breath, far oftener and far deeper than by reading without any enunciation. By these deep inhalations we cannot fail to develop the capacity of the lungs, and this development will be directly in proportion to their practice.

It is with imperfect and insufficient breathing that consumption uniformly begins. One of the characteristics of this disease is that the breath becomes shorter and shorter, through the long, long weary months, down to the very close of life. Whatever will counteract this short breathing, whatever will tend to make us breathe deeper, cures to that extent. Let any person—we care not whom—make the experiment by reading a page of a book in a loud voice, and he will discover that in less than four or five minutes the tendency to take a long breath will show itself. A weak voice is developed and strengthened by reading aloud. It is made sonorous. Reading aloud is also very efficient in making the tones of the voice clear and distinct. It frees them from the hoarseness so annoying to auditors and which is exhibited by the unaccustomed reader before he has gone over a full page. By the time he has read a page the unaccustomed reader is forced to stop and hem and haw, to the confusion of himself and to the disgust of his hearers.

When properly done, loud reading leads to great vocal power. It leads to this on the same principle that by exercise all muscles are strengthened. The voice-making organs are not exceptions to this rule, and consequently we find those who exercise them obtain great vocal power. And hence it is that in many cases the vocal power is diminished by total silence, just as the arm of the Hindoo devotee is at length paralyzed forever by its continued non-use. The general plan is to read aloud in a conversational tone, three times a day, for a few minutes at a time, to increase the time every day until a half an hour is thus spent three times every day. Continue then to read in this length of time until the desired object is accomplished.

C. M. R.

A Card.

I avail myself of this first opportunity to return my heartfelt thanks to the many friends who have sympathised with me in the loss the Congrégation has sustained by the death of Rev. Father Lemonnier. Such touching testimonies of sorrowful hearts will long be cherished in mine as a most precious consolation.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

—He is the best scholar who has learned to live well.

Memorial.

A POEM READ AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT,
JUNE 23, 1874.

BY HAROLD V. HAYES.

Old Class of '74! it is my will,
While yet we toil together up the hill,
To speak those words which like a silver chime
Re-echo in your hearts as well as mine;
To call up thoughts and fancies as they came
And flitted o'er our minds at Notre Dame;
To talk of facts, of reck'nings strong and stout,
Of how they turned and twisted us about;
To tell of college life, and what we've done,
And leave a word, ere parting, to each one.

Never forget how we all argued long,
And strove to conquer themes too deep and strong;
How from the mighty infinite so grand
We lost ourselves within a grain of sand;
How hard we tried to measure space sublime,
In both directions almost at one time;
And on the pinions of a simple soul,
Were borne from infinite to molecule;
Until monads and molecules combined,
Produced too great confusion in our mind;
Until in fact, we sifted things too small,
For our big minds to comprehend at all.

Never forget the old times, when we thought—
"We had the thing done fine," and then were caught;
How oft some rule, in sharp and quiet way,
We tried to break, and found it didn't pay.
Though many little failings on our part
Have caused some feelings not of proper sort;
Though sometimes by a word or careless thought,
We've acted otherwise than what we ought;
Yet, as one band we toiled up Learning's hill,
And, spite of all, we hang together still.
Through many years, with studies hard, our lot
Has happy been, while pressing to the top;
Through many years of earnestness and fun,
We've persevered, and now we've almost done.

Feelings of joy and sorrow very strong
O'er take us as time quickly moves along;
Until we feel unable to express
Our thoughts in words, in writing much the less;
Wherefore I wish some stronger pen than mine
Could tell me how and where to put a line,
And represent in accents strong and true
The thoughts which I would fain convey to you.

Where'er kind treatment with instruction stands,
Together giv'n from ever willing hands,
'T would seem most strange if one of us was loth
To thank the givers heartily for both;
So what I say comes now from out my heart,
That in it there existed once a spark
Which treatment kind has fanned into a flame
Of warmth and gratitude towards Notre Dame.
Here we have learned—Scientifics I mean—
To study Nature's beauties, oft unseen,
Till o'er our minds, as if by magic wrought,
There came these words expressive of our thought:
'Tis true, O, Science! now I feel thy power,
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the rays
Of highest agents."

What greater thoughts could human mind desire,
Than those breathed softly from fair Nature's lyre?

As for the Classical, I of course can't say ;
'Tis better that some classic should portray :
We all have learned to make our footing sure,
And how to guard ourselves from worldly lure,
To raise our thoughts above all mundane things,
And so to save ourselves remorseful stings.

It is with joy o'er parting scenes so dear,
As happy moments I recall passed here,
That I have found, though 'tis in simple rhyme,
This chance to thank our friends for such good time.
It is with sorrow on our festal day
We part, each one to go his separate way ;
Yet, far or near, our life at Notre Dame
In recollection dear shall be the same ;
And like a diomond bright in mem'ry's store
Will ever be the year of '74.

When tempest-tossed on Life's dark wave we're borne,
Our barque exposed, and drifting in the storm ;
When timbers creak, and toughened cordage strains,
And sable Night with black-browed visage reigns
With ebon sceptre o'er the rayless realm,
Denying Truth a firm grasp on the helm ;
When shrouded thus we seem through such hard fate
O'ercome by Satan in temptation's shape,
Bear this in mind, 'twill strengthen much our hope,
Drive off despair, and keep us still afloat :

Remember that the darkest hours for us,
Are oft times sent to try our simple trust,
And when there seems not e'en a single ray
To light us on our sad and troubled way,
That patient perseverance on our part
Will break the clouds encompassed round our heart,
And let—O, radiant, matchless crown, to win !
A halo of bright sunshine burst within.

Desire of riches, or of worldly fame,
I hope shall never be our highest aim ;
For things like these on this life's busy shore,
The shifting sands of time deep cover o'er,
To hide for ever beneath the golden heap
Their record of existence and defeat.
May our chief aspirations be sublime,
Directed to the Conqueror of Time ;
To virtues which o'ercome his wrinkled frown,
To win for us an everlasting crown,
And bring us all together once again,
In happiness, beyond the vice of men.

November.

There is not a month in the twelve which brings to our mind so many and such salutary reflections as does the month of November, closing as it does the autumnal season. The whole face of nature undergoes a complete change. The soft beauty of the landscape fades away ; the verdure of the fields disappears ; the leaves, seared and made yellow in October, are scattered far and near by the chilling blast, they fall away and decay. All these remind man that he too must shortly undergo a change ; they remind him that the vigor and freshness of his youth will be followed by the weakness and feebleness of old age. He too, like the leaves of autumn shall fall away and shall pass forgotten to the dreary tomb :

"The cold wind sweeps the barren fields,
And whistles through the withered grass ;
The humid earth no fragrance yields,
And days grow chiller as they pass.

Thus human hearts grow chill with years,
Thus human joys are dimmed with tears,
And man distrusts what long deceives,
And reads his fate in Autumn leaves."

Ah! yes, man is taught a truly sad and salutary lesson by the great and almost desolating change which all nature undergoes at this season. In this change he truly "reads his fate," the fate of all men. And not only should he read his fate but he ought to read in the autumn leaves a sublime lesson.

"The Autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They wither and die and pass away ;
And mournfully my fancy weaves
Though pen cannot transcribe the lay:
Soon, soon alike the winter cloud
Will spread for them and us a shroud,
And blessed is he whose heart receives
The lesson taught by falling leaves."

May it be the lot of us all to gain profit by this lesson and to grow wise and better in contemplating the passing change of the seasons.

H. Q.

Trifles.

In our everyday life we meet many little things which we either entirely neglect, or only slightly notice. When we are asked the reason of this, we reply: They are only trifles,—they amount to nothing. This is a very common and a very great mistake. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as a trifle. Those things which we regard as such, though they appear insignificant in themselves, form part of a more important whole. Many a noble and beneficent deed has been actuated by a circumstance which we would regard as very trifling. Many a great invention, which has proven of incalculable value to mankind, has sprung from some cause which at the time of its discovery was looked at as a mere trifle. A little bolt or screw in the machinery of one of our large ocean steamers becomes loosened; what is it?—a little bolt—a mere trifle. And yet that little screw, scarce noticed before, has stopped the ponderous engine, and rendered helpless the mammoth vessel.

Few persons really know the importance of little matters. And yet, much of our success in life is due to our observance of little things. It is an old and a true saying: "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." A great many of our wealthiest merchants, when asked how they have amassed such large fortunes, attribute it to their conformity with this simple rule. Young people, and especially students at college, often fall into this great error of regarding certain things as trifling, and therefore neglect them. They consider some matter in their lessons as trifling, and fail to give due attention to it. Very often those same points, which they neglect to fix in their minds, are the very principles of the more important matter which they wish to learn. Industry, perseverance, and a true respect for minor matters, is all that is required to make our success in life a certainty.

Industry—a desire to work, to improve ourselves in every way, and to fulfil all the duties belonging to our situation in life. Perseverance—to enable us to overcome all obstacles, and to never despair when adversity comes upon us. A true respect for little things,—which makes us regard everything in its true light, and to never neglect the simplest duty.

The so-called progress of this age has a tendency to make us overlook little things and to regard only those which are great. But every person who has a true ambition to rise to any degree of eminence, either in public or private life, should try to cultivate a habit of attending to little affairs. Let us always remember, when we are tempted to slight anything as trifling, that: "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." T. F. G.

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Death of Rev. Father Lemonnier.

It is in sadness and sorrow that we announce the death of Rev. Father Lemonnier. At half-past nine o'clock p. m., on Thursday, October 29th, after a long and weary illness, borne with entire resignation to the will of God, he quietly breathed forth his soul into the hands of its great Creator.

From a biographical notice in the *Silver Jubilee* we learn that Rev. Augustus Lemonnier was born in April, 1839, at Ahuille, in France. His boyhood and early youth were passed amid the enjoyments of a happy home, and in preparing himself for college by the elementary studies pursued in the common schools. At the age of nineteen he entered the College of Precigne, in the diocese of Mans. Here he spent seven years, during which time he completed the full collegiate course of that institution. On his departure from college, Father Lemonnier entered upon the study of Law, not having any idea at the time of studying for the sacred ministry. For one year he prosecuted his chosen study in the office of Mons. Houtin, and the year following in the office of Mons. Dubois, at Laval, France.

After two years' experience in a law office, Father Lemonnier began to look upon the world in a far different light from that in which other young men in similar circumstance usually view it, and after a few months of serious reflection, and consultation with judicious friends, he abandoned the bright prospects of distinction which then smiled upon him, and joined his brother and college classmates at the Theological Seminary at Mans, where he passed one year in the study of Philosophy. The death of his mother, about this time, removed the only obstacle to the execution of a project which he had entertained from the time of his determination to study for the ministry, namely, to enter the Seminary of Foreign Missions, in Paris. However, Father Sorin, his uncle, induced him to come to America, and, with this understanding, sent him to Rome, to study Theology in the Roman College.

While in Rome, Father Lemonnier entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross, in October, 1860, being received by Rev. Father Drouelle, then Procurator General of the Congregation. In 1861, Father Lemonnier was called to America, and arrived at Notre Dame in February of that year, where he completed his theological studies, and, after making his profession as a member of the Congregation, was ordained Priest on the 4th of November, 1863.

Soon after his ordination, Father Lemonnier was appointed Prefect of Discipline, in which office he continued till May, 1865, when he was appointed by the Provincial Chapter, which met at that time, Prefect of Religion. In

July, 1866, he was appointed Vice-President and Director of Studies in the University, which position he occupied until 1872, when he was appointed President of the University, in which office he remained until his death.

Father Lemonnier not only displayed a great deal of natural energy in the discharge of his official duties, but also gave evidence of considerable ability of a literary character. His almost complete mastery of the English language within one year after his arrival at Notre Dame, showed a decided aptitude for languages; and several very fine dramatic productions, written amid the cares and annoyances of his office, give evidence of great literary talent. In addition to this, Father Lemonnier was always noted for the encouragement which he gave to the Fine Arts at Notre Dame. An amateur in painting, he did all in his power to promote a love for art among the students of the College. It was through his efforts that the monthly musical entertainments were established at the University, and to him are the different musical, literary and dramatic societies indebted for much of their success.

By his kindness he attached to himself a large circle of warm and devoted friends, who will receive with sorrow the sad announcement of his death.

The funeral service will take place this (Saturday) afternoon, at two o'clock, a full account of which will appear in our next number.

—SOME of our readers may, perhaps, have noticed that while every other branch of study receives its due share of attention in our columns, Vocal Music seems to be neglected. There is enough said about the Choir—good, bad and indifferent—to show that all listen to the singing, but so far no one has yet favored us with a line about the means to be taken in order to have good singers. Besides, the church is not the only place in which to hear singing. If we had singing-classes, choral societies, etc., which could give us choruses, trios, duets and solos at all of our Exhibitions, concerts or *soirees*, it would stimulate the students to sing,—it would develop voices and improve the taste of our students, so that we might afterwards select the *best* voices *only* for the Choir. Students should consider it an honor and a privilege to be permitted to sing the praises of God at our public services, and an honor reserved for those who, by their conduct and ability, prove themselves worthy of sharing in the office of the angels.

Among three hundred students there should be at least two hundred good voices, one half of them soprano and alto. Of this number, from fifteen to twenty should be selected for the Choir. Then we could have music worthy of the place and the occasion,—then our Choir would become a means of aiding the Cecilia Society in carrying out its noble purpose of improving the church-music of this country.

But what is the real state of the case? Only a few are willing to take the trouble of learning to sing. Some of those who do take the trouble, when their voices have, after much labor, been developed, either leave the Choir because they "see no fun in it," or have to be dismissed by the Director on account of bad conduct. Others there are who are mere drones in the hive; they sing only when they feel like it, and they generally manage not "to feel like it" when their voices are most needed. There are always noble exceptions to these cases, and they deserve

the thanks of all persons here, but let them remember especially that what they are doing they do for God, who will reward them according to their intention.

A great deal of time and money is spent every year by students in learning elocution, and with but doubtful results. Who are our best readers? Generally they are those who can sing. If there were a free singing class, then there would be plenty of good readers.

But the great difficulty is that the students do not sing during their recreation time. They sometimes use their voices by loud shouting. This shows plenty of raw material, all we need is to bring it to the rules of time and harmony. There are many collections of students' songs published in this country. Students' songs are popular everywhere. If a party of Seniors would take the lead, they might form a society—organize a glee club—and give some public performances, or give open-air promenade concerts every fine day. They have the open air, and excellent promenades—all that is needed is the music. Let them sing the simplest music at first and advance gradually to the more difficult. It is quite certain that they would benefit themselves a great deal; they would strengthen their lungs, besides which they would create enjoyment for their companions. We feel confident that every one of our music teachers would be most willing to devote an hour each recreation day to teaching such clubs or societies. Let the clubs get up a rivalry—all the better—all parties would gain by it.

Singing affects our feelings, and these in turn exercise an influence upon our bodily health. Let us have more singing and the students will be happier and more contented. Besides this, singing will lessen the work of our instrumental teachers, and will aid their scholars, for it is a well known fact that singers learn instrumental music with far greater ease than those who do not sing. This fact is so well-known to teachers that it needs no proof.

We hope to see vocal music receive the attention it deserves from all, not only the officers of the College, but the students and teachers. If it does, we will then report weekly the progress made therein.

—We call the attention of the Students to the fact that we have here at Notre Dame an excellent Class of Drawing, etc., and we would urge upon them the propriety of their attaching themselves to it. Lessons in Drawing are not compulsory here, but are left to the option of the parents and guardians of the Students. The importance of this study is becoming more and more evident each year, and we doubt not but that the period is not far distant when it will be necessary for all persons desirous of obtaining a thorough higher education to take lessons in drawing. Yet it is only of late years that drawing has come to be appreciated as an educational exercise in our schools. In former times, and up to very late years, it has been always viewed as an accomplishment, which was attainable only by the favored few. Any child who showed an aptitude for drawing forms and figures was regarded as a prodigy. The fact that some children represented forms with any show of success has never, or at least has very rarely, been considered as an indication that others might be able to do the same.

And, in an educational course, drawing has been usually regarded as having no practical value. The end, and the only end, considered to be attained, was the mere ability

to draw pictures. This was held in very slight estimation unless the pupil had the design of becoming an artist by profession. All of the many larger benefits which the pupil might draw from this exercise have been habitually overlooked and ignored.

To a general lack of knowledge concerning the principles and practice of drawing is this low estimate of its importance in a great part due. Very few persons, comparatively, have either the ability to draw or to decide whether a form made by another is correctly drawn or not. From a non-appreciation of the usefulness of the knowledge derived from the study and the practice of drawing, they are wanting in desire to inform themselves, and their position in the matter is that either of direct opposition or complete apathy.

And yet another reason—and a better reason—may be given for this opposition or apathy. Instruction in drawing, heretofore, has to a very great extent been limited to the copying of pictures, making the exercise to be one of simple imitation, and causing none of the higher faculties of the mind to be brought into action. The consequence naturally followed from this, that pupils have in general had a great repugnance to the work, and their labors have been almost without fruit, so far as good results are concerned. The endless repetition of unmeaning lines have wearied young people. Copying pictures in which they take no interest, and which do not convey to their minds so much as a single thought, has disgusted them. When they have come to man's estate, and fill their places as parents or teachers, we can scarcely expect that they will be enthusiastic concerning lessons in drawing, or encourage the introduction of it into schools.

Nevertheless, in spite of ignorance, of hostility, and of apathy, it is overcoming all obstacles, and drawing is slowly yet most surely making its way into our schools. Men are being filled with the conviction that there are few studies of greater intrinsic value than drawing.

We then urge again all the students of the University to join the classes here in the College. They will not lose by it. We will, in some future issue, show the advantages to be derived from this useful study and exercise.

A Class of Dogma.

A young man's course of studies in a Catholic college is not all that can be desired unless he receives a thorough and complete knowledge of his religion. The profane Sciences should be encouraged. They are useful for our worldly interests and should not be neglected; they should receive all the aid and encouragement possible. But religion is indispensable for the securing our most important interests, those of eternity—those interests which, if neglected, can never be attended to in the great hereafter,—those interests to which all earthly sciences should be subservient. Besides, if we were to look at things in a worldly point of view, a good knowledge of Christianity is requisite in order to form an accomplished gentleman. Students wear out their brains in becoming familiar with the history, rites and poetic absurdities of Paganism. We might venture to say that many of the Catholic youth educated at college can be found who are better acquainted with the follies of heathenism than with the Divine Religion which they

profess. And among non-Catholics the number of those who study only the rites of Paganism is much greater still.

Such a state of things should make one blush for shame. Young men should know the teachings of their faith,—know more than they learn from the ordinary lessons in Catechism. The knowledge of Theology ought not to be looked upon as exclusively the domain of the clergy, though of course they will always be the leaders therein. Laymen have at all times in the history of the Church had their honored representatives in the Ecclesiastical schools established throughout the world. Origen was already a distinguished teacher in the Church before he was forcibly ordained, nor did his elevation to Orders render his genius more penetrating or more brilliant. Even in our day we have some distinguished laymen who rank among the Church's defenders; and though their genius be not so great as Origen's, nor all their labors be in the same channel, yet they render to the Church great aid in battling with her enemies. Had we a greater number of such men to-day, the Church would have every reason to expect from them an abundant harvest of good. Were there numbers of such men in existence, we would not find the infidelity and the immorality which exist in France, Italy, and Germany. We would see the statesmen of Europe less given to Cæsarism, and the Church would enjoy a comparative peace. A thorough knowledge of Dogmatic Theology—of the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church—is not out of the sphere of laymen. It is the right of a layman, as it is the duty of a clergyman, to pursue his investigations in this department, subject only to the rules and limitations which the Church has laid down for all, be they priests or be they laymen.

The authorities of the University have for a long time recognized the want which all young men not destined for Holy Orders have labored under; namely, that they are unable, and more especially those in the Scientific Course, to obtain a knowledge of Christian Dogma except what they learn in the class of Catechism. Recognizing this, they have resolved to make use of the first occasion which may present itself for giving to the more advanced students an opportunity of following a solid course of Dogmatic Theology as the finishing touch to their studies. We rejoice to learn that steps are now being taken to establish a Class of Dogma for Catholic students, whether destined for the Church or not. We have little doubt but that it will be very acceptable news to the students of the higher classes, and that in a short time we may see our students going forth into the world with a conduct conformable to Catholic belief, and also with a sound and thorough knowledge of their religion, and the ability to defend it against any who may attack it, no matter what may be the knowledge or genius of their antagonists.

Personal.

- Thos. Millar has a fine law practice in Peru, Ind.
- Joseph Rumely is still at Laporte, Ind., in the foundry business.
- Bishop Dwenger left for Fort Wayne last Tuesday evening.
- Mrs. Judge Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, is on a visit at St. Mary's.
- We spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Dowling, of Laporte, last week.

—D. J. Wile is doing well in Laporte, Ind.,—reading law with Judge Osborne.

—M. T. Corby, of the Class of '65, is in business with P. L. Garrity in Chicago.

—Rev. Father Corby, so report goes, is doing splendidly in Watertown, Wisconsin.

—Mrs. Crane, of Watertown, was at the College and St. Mary's last Wednesday.

—Mrs. Newman, of Warsaw, Ind., paid a visit to Notre Dame and St. Mary's last week.

—Mr. Foote, of Burlington, Iowa, came over on a visit to see his friend Father Lemonnier.

—Jas. Howard, of the Class of '62, is one of the most prominent lawyers in Logansport, Indiana.

—Rev. Fathers Letourneau and O'Mahony were at the College last Sunday, attending the Diocesan Synod.

—Mrs. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, was on a visit at St. Mary's last week, where she has two daughters at school.

—Rev. Father Cooney is not expected from Texas before the coming Spring. He has plenty of missionary work on hand.

—Rev. Jacob Lauth has returned from Huntington, where he replaced the Rev. Pastor during the Spiritual Retreat last week.

—Edward M. Brown, of the Class of '65, is doing a fine business in Cleveland, Ohio. He is the most prominent of the young lawyers of Northern Ohio.

—Rev. Father Ford was unable to attend the Retreat because the new church which he is about to erect at St. Joseph's Farm requires all his attention.

—Mr. House, the organ-builder, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has been here to make arrangements to move the organ into the new church. It will be remembered that it was Mr. House who made the organ for us some years ago.

Local Items.

- Cold!
- Silence!
- Bulletins!
- Trees bare.
- Sideburns plenty!
- They're frescoing.
- All-Saints' to-morrow.
- Moonlight nights now.
- Hair-cutting is the rage.
- Horses busy hauling coal.
- All-Soul's Day on Monday.
- Father Frère's work is over.
- The Big Bell sounds grandly.
- Will you treat to toothpicks?
- Hard at work on the New Church.
- There are 12 hands in the Tailor Shop.
- Many visitors at the College on Sunday.
- 15 Persons at work on the St. Jo. Farm.
- The bath-rooms are well used nowadays.
- 35 Students at the Manual Labor School.
- 90 vols. Pub. Docs. received by Librarian.
- Rain on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.
- There are 16 hands at work in the Shoe-shop.
- How about Christmas? Too early for a reply.
- Bro. Neal is making improvements in his shop.
- The Minims have a music-teacher of their own.
- The Juniors had a scramble for apples on the 28th.

—We are happy to state that Mr. Coffey has returned.
 —There is a German Class at the Manual Labor School.
 —Music again from the Professed House, collegeward.
 —There are 145 vols. in the Manual Labor School Library.
 —Don't lean over so much when you read in the refectory.
 —That baggage was removed from the Parlor—no one claims it.
 —14 Readers have been appointed for the Senior Refectory.
 —The organ will be removed to the new Church in December.
 —New goods always on hand at Carpenter's, 105 Michigan street. [o24-1m]
 —A full and new supply of stationery, etc., etc., etc., at the Students' Office.
 —An Exhibition for the Minims alone will be given by the Scientifics shortly.
 —Who can furnish us with a catalogue of the University for the years 1857 or 1858?
 —It is rumored that the students of the Manual Labor School intend forming a Literary Society.
 —Fr. Carrier, we learn, intends soon to send quite a number of new specimens to the Herbarium.
 —Bro. Francis has a fine assortment of pictures etc., for sale in the little store opposite the Post-Office.
 —Wednesday next, Nov. 4, is Bulletin-day. Good notes will not be refused to those who deserve them.
 —We noticed a number of new and fine mineralogical specimens in the Museum. Robt. Staley was the donor.
 —Each Department was favored with the same lecture by Father Colovin last week. Let the members heed it.
 —Mr. Buysse, of South Bend, is putting up the clock in the new Church. It will be an elegant and satisfactory job.
 —I have spared no pains or expense to make my store one of the most attractive places in the city. Call and see me. E. C. CARPENTER. [o24-1m]
 —The astronomers sat up to see the eclipse last Saturday night. What their experience was we do not know. We found it cloudy and went to bed.
 —The SCHOLASTIC will be ready for delivery at the Students' Office, Saturday afternoon, at 3½ o'clock. There is no use of calling for it before that time.
 —The play-hall at the Manual Labor School will be finished on Wednesday next, when there will be a grand house-warming. Bro. James has made a good job of it.
 —Fr. Colovin spoke rather roughly of the Infirmary loafers in both Study-halls at the beginning of the past week. Look out boys! you needn't go to the Infirmary for a good time.
 —"Set him up."—The *South Bend Union* says—"Blum, the eccentric, Punch-like Blum, advertises his place of business in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* as the "Students' Office."
 —We hear it stated that the deserving student in the classical course who remains at the head of his class for five consecutive weeks will receive as a reward the right of giving the holiday privilege in the refectory.
 —The Retreat of the Priests of the Diocese was in all respects very successfully carried out. The Rev. Clergy, we have no doubt, had better opportunities for passing a good Retreat than if they had come in the heat of the summer.
 —The *Register*, of South Bend, has moved its office to the corner of Washington and Main Streets. Smith & Holloway, the stationers, have entered into partnership with the publishers, and will no doubt make the paper still more lively.
 —"You get along at a very fast gait in the work of building your Hall," said a student to one of the workmen at the Manual Labor School. "I should think we ought

to, when we have Tom and Jerry here all the time," was the response.

—Bro. Francis de Sales, with three Brothers, will leave soon for La Salle, Ills. He will open St. Patrick's Academy there on the 16th of November. He will no doubt build up an excellent school. Success attend his labors! Bro. Simon succeeds him here as steward.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley of Chicago was waited upon on the afternoon of the 24th, by the students of the College, who paid their respects to him. The Rt. Rev. Prelate addressed them a few remarks in his usual happy style. The Chicago boys had paid their respects to him some time before, and obtained a permission from him which was very acceptable to all the students.

—The Diocesan Synod opened Sunday morning, at 6½ o'clock, with a Solemn Pontifical High Mass, the Right Rev. Dr. Dwenger officiating. The Synod closed Tuesday evening—the whole of Monday having been spent by the worthy pastors in their deliberations. On Tuesday morning the Priests departed for their different parishes.

—The readers in the Refectories should remember the difficulties against which they have to contend, and therefore they should pay attention to the extra cultivation which is required in order to succeed in being heard. They should endeavor to do their best and make themselves heard in all parts of the room. This reading is a most useful exercise, and should not be regarded as a task or penance. Read the Article on "Reading Aloud" in this number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Annual Retreat of the Catholic Students began on Thursday evening, Oct. 29th, and will close Sunday morning, Nov. 1st. The retreat is being conducted by Rev. Fathers Colovin and Toohey, who are giving the instructions in the pleasing manner for which they are so well known. The students have all conducted themselves in the perfect and exemplary manner which all who know Notre Dame students always expect. The non-Catholic students did the same, though they did not join in the exercises of the Retreat. These spiritual retreats, made properly and with the right spirit, are of great service to all who enter upon them. It is but right that we should offer up to God the works of the year before us and ask upon them the blessing of the Divine Hand. It is but following of the admonition of St. Paul to Timothy: "Take heed to thyself." More especially is this the case with students, who should sometime in the beginning of the Scholastic year consecrate to God's honor all the studies in which they engage themselves. And moreover through the year they should frequently renew their consecration, which like a kind of alchemy will turn their commonest actions into the purest gold. Like good merchants, who now and again through the financial year stop to take a look at the state of their affairs and how they stand before the commercial world, so the student should stop to reflect how he stands not before the world whose bustle he has yet to enter, but before the Searcher of the minds of men; or as birds who whilst drinking, take different draughts and then look up to heaven the student should raise his eyes to contemplate the infinite Source of all knowledge. If is alone by these frequent acts of consecration during the year that the fruits of the retreat can be preserved.

Musical Notes.

—The Junior Orchestra consists of the following persons:—1st *Violins*, J. P. McHugh and M. Murphy; 2nd *Violins*, W. Burns and J. Delvecchio; *Flute*, M. Kramer; *Viola*, A. Burger; *Violoncello*, F. Smyth; *Contra-Bass*, T. McNamara; 1st *Cornet*, H. McGuire; 2nd *Cornet*, L. Evers; *Trombone*, J. Beegan.

—The *Seniors' Schottische* will be the first *morceau* given by the Junior Orchestra.

—The Choir are rehearsing Bergman's Mass, which they sang two Sundays ago. We have no doubt it will be sung better than it was on that occasion.

—Would it not be well occasionally to procure the services of musical artists and give concerts in Washington

Hall, whenever they are on professional tours through South Bend.

—The leader of the Choir has sent for the vocal parts of the *Missa Jesu Redemptor*, by Kaim. This Mass will be produced in about three weeks.

—It was a rare treat to hear some of our Rev. Clergy sing a Mass by Molitore, which F. Steiner brought from Regensburg, Bavaria, where he attended the Fifth General Assembly of the Cæcilia Society. If our Choir members could have heard them they would have a better idea of how church music should be sung. The manner in which they sang the words "*Jesu Christe*" would compel the most careless listener to bow his head in adoration and raise his heart to the throne of God. The "*Ave Maria*" by Sieg—which they sang also with much taste and expression—was formerly published in the "*AVE MARIA*."

Art Notes.

—If it is not presuming too much, we would suggest that a room be set apart for the different works of art which Notre Dame possesses. At present they are so scattered, some in one place and some in another, that it is very difficult for visitors to see all conveniently. Very few have been able to see the pictures lately received from Rome.

—In our last issue we accidentally omitted mentioning the portrait of St. Philip Neri which came with the other pictures from Rome. It is now in the reception room of the Presbytery, where it is justly admired by all who have seen it. To look upon this picture of the great saint makes us love him more than ever.

—The oil-painting of the Virgin and the Child now in in the parlor of the College is we believe for sale, there being a number of copies of it here.

—Our correspondent at St. Mary's sends us a number of items of interest to the lovers of art, which we lay before our readers. We return our thanks for them, and hope that the writer will continue to place us under obligations to her by sending a number of them every week.

ART NOTES AT ST. MARY'S.

—The last harchell of summer was found in the woods of St. Mary's a week ago. It has been immortalized in one of the autumn groups of berries and flowers now painting in the Academy.

—The autumn hours have lost their last flush and glory; but they survive all the changes of the season on the embroidery frames of the young artists in wool and silk.

—The grapes on the long sunny arbors, we hear, have been transferred, arbors and all, to the water-color blocks of some devoted students in the fine arts.

—Several of the designs upon the covers of the addresses prepared for our Very Rev. Father General, at St. Mary's, were of extraordinary beauty. They had the merit of originality as to design as well as the merit of most delicate and effective execution. It is plain to be seen that the attention shown to this beautiful art at St. Mary's is bearing fruit. Even the cover of the new volume of *Rosa Mystica* was embellished by a painting which was worthy of the subject; and a certain feast to which the *palms* and the *arrows* of a virgin martyr belonged, was marked by another design which deserves a notice in our column of items.

—Visitors at St. Mary's have seen some choice specimens of *Autographs*—or photographs from original drawings by the Italian masters. The value of these *autographs* to the art-student cannot be exaggerated. It is one thing to see an engraving of a masterpiece (even if the engraving has been made by Raphael Morghue, the prince of engravers), and an autograph from the picture itself. The delicately discriminating hand of the artist produces shades of thought which no one can copy but the sun. These *autographs*, however, have another advantage for the student. While photographs from the finished painting are more beautiful to the eye, the *autograph* from the original drawing of the master reveals his inmost secret as to the conception and execution of his artistic idea.

We should like to see a portfolio of these *autographs* in every institution where drawing and painting is pursued as an art. They really give the art-student at home advantages which have hitherto been monopolized by the art-student abroad, as, day after day, he paces slowly along the bridge that spans the Arno at Florence. On both sides of this bridge are arranged what we should call *show-cases*; in which are displayed the original drawings of many of the great masters. These *autographs*, which are now to be found in all our great cities, have brought the treasures in the show-cases on the bridge that spans the river Arno, besides many other original drawings in the Italian collections, to our very doors, to our very hands. We have only to stretch out our hands (with a moderate green-back in the palm) to secure them.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. Baca, F. Brady, J. Berringer, J. Brown, T. Cochrane, L. Chamberlain, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, H. Cassidy, M. Caldwell, J. Cullen, W. Dechant, M. Foley, J. Ferry, T. Flannagan, C. Favey, W. Fullerton, J. Gillen, P. Guilloz, E. Graves, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, G. Hoyt, J. Handley, T. Hansard, A. Horne, J. Hogan, J. Kennedy, S. Kennedy, J. Kopf, M. Keeler, M. Kelly, J. Larkin, P. Lawrence, G. McNulty, E. McPharlin, R. Maas, E. Maas, F. Montgomery, W. McGavin, T. Murphy, N. Mooney, J. Mathews, E. Monohan, E. McLaughlin, J. McManus, P. Mattimore, P. J. Mattimore, J. Ney, A. O'Brien, T. O'Leary, T. O'Mahony, J. Obert, C. Proctor, J. Quinn, G. Roulhac, W. Ryan, E. Ratigan, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, P. Skahill, F. Schlink, S. Studebaker, P. Shaul, G. Summers, J. Van Dusen, F. Wilhelm, C. Walters, R. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. F. Arnold, J. Beegan, W. Byrne, F. Bugner, M. Burge, A. Berzck, F. Buckman, L. Busch, G. Budd, A. Burger, J. Dore, J. Delvecchio, R. Downey, F. Ewing, L. Evers, J. W. Connolly, A. Crunkilton, J. Crummey, H. D. Faxon, F. E. Foxon, P. Fitzpatrick, J. French, J. T. Foley, L. Goetig, J. M. Green, F. H. Goldsberry, J. Griffith, J. Golsen, C. Greenleaf, E. D. Gleason, J. Colton, W. Davis, F. Hoffman, C. Hake, A. Johansen, J. Johnson, J. P. Kurtz, H. Korty, H. Kinson, C. V. Larkin, A. Leitelt, J. Leitelt, V. McKinnon, J. McIntyre, J. McHugh, H. McGuire, J. Minton, W. S. Meyer, W. Nicholas, C. Peltier, D. J. O'Connell, J. D. O'Hara, C. R. Post, H. W. Quan, C. Quinn, W. J. Roelle, E. F. Riopelle, F. Rosa, F. Raymond, L. P. Smith, E. Gramling, J. A. Smith, J. F. Soule, T. J. Solon, A. Schmidt, T. Summers, T. Talbot, P. Schnurrer, C. Treanor, N. Vanamee, C. W. Welty, H. Weber, C. J. Whipple, R. J. Walker, J. E. Wood, G. Woodward, F. J. Weisenburger, F. W. Washburn, W. Smith, H. Kreig, J. Lynch, J. Haffey.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Francis Carlin, Eddie Raymond, Ralph Golsen, Michael McAuliffe, John O'Meara, Colly Clarke, Francis McGrath, Tommy Hooley, Lee Frazee, Colly Campau, Clement Moody, Albert Bushey, Louis Goldsmith, Alexis Campau, John Duffield, C. Bushey, Harry Ordway, Hugh Colton, Francis Campau, E. Joyce Dubois, Otto Lindberg.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29.

LAW CLASS—J. Beegan, M. Foote, H. Hayes, F. Mathews, R. Staley, P. H. Skahill.

MEDICINE—G. Crummey, J. J. Gillen, J. Girard, A. Horne, E. J. McPharlin, J. Van Dusen.

MODERN LANGUAGES—R. Staley, W. Meyer, A. Schmidt, G. Roulhac, F. Mathews, P. F. Guilloz, C. Welty, J. F. Soule, J. W. Carlin, J. E. Marks, A. Leitelt, F. M. Scrafford, H. McGuire, J. Wood, M. Kramer, P. Shaul, E. L. Ratigan, J. F. McNulty, C. Robertson, H. Korty, N. S. Dryfoos, E. Stichtenoth, C. Larkin, F. Hoffman, C. Walsh, J. Berringer, R. Norris, J. Leitelt, A. Lonstorf, W. Roelle, F. McGrath, E. Maas, J. Beegan, R. H. McGrath, G. W. Hoyt, J. W. Ryan, M. Egan, J. F. Rudge, J. Thornton, R. Maas, T. McNamara, L. Chamberlain, W. Byrne, F. Carlin, J. D. O'Meara, D. Bonner, C. Clarke, R. Golsen, W. Forbes, J. D. O'Hara, G. Gross, J. Minton, J. Delvecchio, R. Walker, J. Campbell.

DRAWING—W. A. Schultheis, J. Delvecchio, J. Kurtz, L. Smith, A. Lambin, P. E. Lawrence, J. E. Obert, A. Leitelt, J. Leitelt, E. C. Gramling, J. Cullen, F. Morass, C. M. Proctor, E. Sugg, J. Lynch.

MUSIC—R. W. Staley, G. W. Hoyt, F. Palmer, J. Beegan, C. Otto, W. Nelson, F. Schlink, J. Campbell, A. Reinke, W. Roelle, E. Lonstorf, G. Lonstorf, H. Quan, T. O'Leary, A. Kramer, J. Hamlin, L. Goetig, J. Thornton, F. Kleiner, T. F. Gallagher.

J. J. Gillen, L. Poliod, J. Hackett, C. Robertson, G. Gross, H. W. Petrie, J. Hayes, J. Colton, R. Maas, F. Hoffman, J. Delvecchio, J. French, G. Guilloz, F. R. McGrath, A. Schmidt, G. Roulhac, J. Lyons, W. Byrne, J. McHugh, E. C. Gramling, J. Ferry, J. Kennedy, J. Crummev, J. Berringer, J. Hackett, E. Maas, F. Scrafford, M. Kramer.

VOCAL MUSIC—L. Murphy, G. Crummev, T. Logan, N. Mooney, J. Brown, G. Kelly, J. J. Gillen, J. Brennan, E. Riopelle, A. Koch, T. Foxen, A. Horne, J. Van Dusen.

BAND—R. Staley, P. F. Guilloz, G. Roulhac, T. O'Leary, J. Brennan, J. Crummev, G. Crummev, T. C. Logan, F. O'Brien, J. Quinn, H. H. Hunt, J. F. Kennedy, A. Horne, T. Cochrane.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.—Eddie Raymond, Lee Frazee, Ralph Golsen, Willie Van Pelt, Colly Clarke, John O'Meara, Willie Linsey, Sylvester Bushey, Francis Carlin, Michael McAuliffe, Samuel Goldsberry, Joseph Carrer, Colly Campau.

List of Excellence.

[The Students mentioned in this list are those who have been at the head of the Classes named during five consecutive weeks; and whose conduct has been, at least, satisfactory.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

CIVIL ENGINEERING—C. M. Proctor; GEN. GEOMETRY—E. G. Graves; ALGEBRA, 1st—T. Hansard; 2d—M. Keeler and P. Skahill; 3d—J. Wood; ARITHMETIC, 1st—P. Shaul and J. Hackett; 3d—M. Katzaur; 4th—J. Colton; GRAMMAR, 1st—R. Maas; 2d—F. E. Foxon; ORTHOGRAPHY—J. F. Foley and J. Colton; GEOGRAPHY, 1st—G. Rudge; 2d—J. Colton; ELOCUTION—C. Whipple; GERMAN, 2d—C. Welty; 3d—H. Korty; 5th—G. W. Hoyt; BIBLE HISTORY—J. Beegan; DRAWING, 1st—C. M. Proctor.

Our Box in the Hall.

Seated in our Easy-Chair (not so very easy after all—there is no cushion on it) we begin this week to give extracts from the letters of such correspondents as drop their missives in THE SCHOLASTIC Box in the hall, on the first floor of the College. The first letter we pick up is signed "X. Y. Z.," who, to judge from his letter, is of scientific proclivities. He says:

"It was truly an ingenious device of the Faculty to offer our Classic friends so acceptable an incentive as a little 'extra rec.' Certainly nothing would be more agreeable to them nor more likely to prove effectual. They well know that such an offer would not be accepted by the more studious Scientificals."

We are happy to find our Scientific students so given to study, and hope that "sour grapes" has nothing whatever to do with it.

OUR next letter is from a "Knight of the Round—" there—we almost made the mistake of which our correspondent complains of. He says:

"I deem it time to correct an error that has appeared very often in your paper during the last two years. Your readers have from time to time read about the famous 'Round Table' and its 'Knights,' their ability, etc. Now, how any person, the least observing and having the faintest idea of the grand science of mathematics, could mistake an ellipse for a circle I cannot possibly conceive. The mistake has become prevalent—'Those fellows on the Round Table' is on the lips of every one; but henceforth I hope that our friends, seeing their mistake, will correct themselves. I am happy to inform you that the elliptical table is in a flourishing condition; surrounded by nine worthy 'Knights' and presided over by 'one who knows how to do it.' In conclusion, I hope that our ambiguous and non-mathematical friends will not consider the term elliptical as meaning something omitted; the fact of it is there is nothing omitted, *everything* being fully expressed."

We next opened a letter of complaint from a young gentleman who feels himself aggrieved by a short item which appeared in the last number of THE SCHOLASTIC. In reference thereto, we can assure the young gentleman that he is altogether mistaken as to the motive of the person who sent us the item. It was not intended as a slight or as a joke on our correspondent, by any means, and if he

will read it over again he will see that it is really a compliment to him and those associated with him.

We would suggest to all writers and correspondents to send in their communications at an earlier day than Wednesday. Of course the Society Notes, items of local news, etc., will do Wednesday evening, but articles of any length should be in by Monday or Tuesday at the latest.

Society Notes.

—"Zell's Cyclopædia" has been added to the Circulating Library.

—The Columbians are in excellent working order.

—The Scientific Association will probably reorganize this session.

—The Philodemic debate last Tuesday night was very interesting.

—An excellent number of the "*Philomathean Standard*" was read Oct. 27th.

—Prof. Stace's reading before the Philomatheans was very enjoyable.

—The Philodemics have much talent in their Society this year.

—A club whose object is to afford the members thereof plenty of amusement during the winter months was organized on the 20th inst. The officers for the year are Bro. Norbert Joseph, Director; E. G. Graves, President; E. S. Monahan, Vice-President; G. W. Crummev, Secretary; T. J. Culliton, Treasurer; F. Morass, Censor; and E. L. Ayres, Marshal. We hope they will enjoy themselves.

—THE ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN SOCIETY held its first regular meeting on Friday, Oct. 23rd, 1874. The following officers were elected to serve for the coming term: *Director*—Rev. A. Lemonnier; *President*—Prof. J. A. Lyons; *Vice President*—H. Quan; *Treasurer*—J. Kelly; *Secretary*—C. Welty; *Cor. Secretary*—J. Delvecchio; *Censor*—A. Koch; *Librarian*—J. Crummev; *Sergeant-at-Arms*—W. Roele. Success to them!

—THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION held its 9th regular meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, 1874. At this meeting Prof. A. J. Stace, Dramatic Instructor of the Association, favored the members of the Association with a dramatic reading. After this, a few selections from the first number of the "*Standard*" were read by Mr. Meyer. The debate will come off at the next meeting.

—The 7th regular meeting of THE ST. ALYSIUS PHILODEMIC SOCIETY was held on the evening of the 27th inst. The debate "Resolved, That War has a Greater Influence on Mankind than Literature," was argued with much ability by Messrs. Caren, Otto and McManus on the affirmative, and by Messrs. Kelly, Dechant and McFarland on the negative. The decision was given in favor of the negative by the Vice-President.

Out-Door Sports.

—No boat-race—scrub or any other kind—on Wednesday last.

—The trapeze in the Senior yard is much used; there have been some good jumps made.

—A game of football was played, Oct. 24, in the Junior Yard, for a barrel of apples. Hayes' side beat Best's and won the apples.

What has become of all our flute-players? A couple of years ago we had quite a number of very good flute-players, now there are very few.

—On the 28th inst., a game was played between the "Mulligan Guards" and six men of the "Excelsior" Nine, the game resulting in favor of the latter. Score—15 to 20.

—The Juanitas beat the Atlantics on the 25th of Oct., by a score of 19 to 9.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, OCT. 5, 1874.

The regular opening of the academic year took place, as advertised, on the first Monday of Sept. The usual celebration of the Mass of the Holy Ghost, in order to bring the blessings of heaven upon the labors of the year, was, however, deferred until the day following, the Feast of the Nativity, when it was offered by Very Rev. Father Superior General, C. S. C., the members of the Faculty assisting with the pupils of the various classes.

At the Benediction of the same day, an impressive and valuable instruction was delivered by the Rev. Father P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

The Literary Societies are reorganized, and already exhibit much talent and energy, while the dancing and calisthenic lessons promise to keep young blood from stagnating by application to mental employments.

Tablet of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 18, 1874.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses J. Walker, M. Walker, A. Curtin, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Haggerty, A. Lloyd, J. Locke, J. Kearney, R. Green, A. Smith.

1ST SR. CLASS.—Misses G. Walton, A. Clarke, J. Fanning, N. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, K. Joyce, L. Arnold, L. Bradford, J. Stimson, E. Sweeney, A. St. Clair, M. Johnson.

2ND SR. CLASS.—A. O'Connor, A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, L. Wyman, J. McGuire, E. York, A. Dilger, F. Dilger, F. De Long, J. Bennett, M. Faxon, E. Dougherty, J. Nunning, L. Tinsley, B. Wade.

3RD SR. CLASS.—Misses L. Kelley, M. Julius, M. Dunbar, S. Harris, C. Woodward, L. Johnson, K. Hutchinson, M. Quill, R. Neteler, M. Brady, P. Gaynor, J. Kreigh, L. Henroten, R. Klar, A. Byrne, E. Quinlan.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses E. O'Connor, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, C. Morgan, M. Poquette, N. McAuliffe, C. Thayer, A. Duncan, M. Shields, K. Greenleaf, E. Mann, M. Quill, S. Hole, H. Russell, E. Bowman, J. Stough, S. Moran.

2ND PREP. CLASS.—Misses J. Riopelle, H. Parks, S. Edes, I. Edes, E. Edes, S. Cunningham, B. Hildebrand, L. Meade, E. Cody, M. McKay, N. McFarlane, B. Turnbull, L. Moran, A. Smith.

3RD PREP. CLASS.—Misses G. Hills, Maigrey, L. Brownbridge, F. Reppetan, A. Lehman, M. Railton, M. Quin.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 25.

GRADUATING CLASS.—Misses J. Walker, M. Walker, A. Curtin, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, A. Lloyd, J. Locke, J. Kearney, R. Green.

1ST SR. CLASS.—Misses G. Walton, A. Clarke, J. Fanning, N. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, R. Joyce, L. Bradford, J. Stimson, E. Sweeney, A. St. Clair, M. Johnson.

2ND SR. CLASS.—Misses A. O'Connor, A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, J. McGuire, E. York, A. Dilger, F. Dilger, F. De Long, J. Bennett, M. Faxon, E. Dougherty, J. Nunning, L. Tinsley, B. Wade.

3RD SR. CLASS.—Misses L. Kelley, M. Julius, M. Dunbar, S. Harris, C. Woodward, L. Johnson, K. Hutchinson, M. Quill, R. Neteler, M. Brady, P. Gaynor, L. Henroten, E. Quinlan, J. Kreigh, R. Klar, A. Byrne.

1ST PREP. CLASS.—Misses E. O'Connor, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, C. Morgan, M. Poquette, C. Thayer, A. Duncan, M. Shiel, R. Greenleaf, M. Quill, S. Hole, H. Russell, C. Bowman, S. Stough, N. Myhan, S. Moran.

2ND PREP. CLASS.—Misses H. Parks, S. Edes, I. Edes, E. Edes, B. Hildebrand, L. Meade, E. Cody, E. McFarlane, B. Turnbull, L. Moran, A. Smith, S. Reising, F. Easton.

3RD PREP. CLASS.—Misses T. Reppetan, A. Lehman, M. Railton.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Wilson, M. Carlin, I. Fisk, M. Cravens, M. Ewing, M. Prichard, E. Lange, B. Siler, M. Schultheis, J. Brown, C. Yates, L. Kirchner, A. Goewey, M. Hogan, L. Hutchinson, A. Ewing, M. Mann, H. Kraus, L. Vincent, L. Walsh, N. McGrath, J. McDougall, M. Hoffman, A. Koch, E. Lappin, C. Orr, I. Mann, E. McDougall, K. Hudson, A. McGrath, M. Bell, E. Simpson, M. Hughes, C. Hughes, J. Keedy, R. Goldsberry, Y. Mier, L. Schnurrer and A. Schnurrer.

LIST OF ARRIVALS UP TO OCTOBER 5, 1874.

Miss Rose Devoto,.....Cairo, Illinois.
 " Lily Dent,.....Washington, D. C.
 " Emily Haggerty,.....St. Paul, Minnesota.
 " Frances Dee,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Julia Dee,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Mary A. Pritchard,....Galveston, Texas.
 " Sarah Lynch,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Julia Walker,.....Helena, Montana Territory.
 " Maggie Walker,.....Helena, Montana Territory.
 " Lizzie Arnold,.....Washington, D. C.
 " Mary Railton,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Sophia Harris,.....New York, N. Y.
 " Amelia Harris,.....New York, N. Y.
 " Gertrude Gilbert,Chicago, Illinois.
 " Grace Hills,.....Waukeegan, Illinois.
 " Annie Duncan,.....Joliet, Illinois.
 " Katie Joyce,.....Vinton, Iowa.
 " Ida Yates,.....Grand Haven, Michigan.,
 " Clara Yates,.....Grand Haven, Michigan.
 " Mary Rielly,.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
 " Minnie Craven,.....Cheyenne River, Dakota Ter.
 " Katie Hudson,.....Omaha, Nebraska.
 " Mary Daily,.....Livingston Co., Illinois.
 " Mary R. Ewing,.....Lancaster, Ohio.
 " Angela Ewing,.....Lancaster, Ohio.
 " Mary Sheil,.....Hamilton Co., Indiana.
 " Matilda Thompson,....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Eugenie Thompson,....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Annie O'Connor,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Ella Richardson,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Cora Thayer,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Mary Dunbar,.....South Bend, Indiana.
 " Rosemary Spier,.....Peoria, Illinois.
 " Helen Kraus,.....Toledo, Ohio.
 " Hattie T. Parks,Waukeegan, Illinois.
 " Lizzie Kirchner,.....Detroit, Michigan.
 " Mary A. Schultheis,....Detroit, Michigan.
 " Alice Pool,.....Byron, Illinois.
 " Annie Lloyd,.....Muskegon, Michigan.
 " Jeanette McGuire,.....White Pigeon, Michigan.
 " Emma York,.....Byron, Illinois,
 " Edith Simpson,.....Winona, Minnesota.
 " Mary A. Roberts,.....Columbus, Ohio.
 " Maria Teresa Brady,....Brown Co., Illinois.
 " Minnie WalshChicago, Illinois.
 " Lizzie Walsh,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Addie Walsh,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Ellen O'Connor,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Minnie O'Connor,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Eleanor Dennehey,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Helen McFarlane,....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Minnie McKay,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Sarah Hole,.....Havanna, Illinois.
 " Rebecca Nettler,.....Havanna, Illinois.
 " Mary Julius,.....Niles, Michigan.
 " Annie T. Clark,.....Columbus, Ohio.
 " Emma Lange,.....Muskegon, Michigan.
 " Sarah Edes,.....San Jose, Illinois.
 " Ida Edes,.....San Jose, Illinois.
 " Ella Edes,.....San Jose, Illinois.
 " Sarah Cunningham,....San Jose, Illinois.
 " Louisa Kelly,.....Evanston, Illinois.
 " Minnie Quan,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Hope Russell,.....Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
 " Julia Riopelle,.....Detroit, Michigan.
 " Amelia Dilger,.....Mount Pleasant, Iowa.
 " Fannie Dilger,.....Mount Pleasant, Iowa.
 " Mary Hogan,Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Helen Foote,.....Burlington, Iowa.
 " Jennie Keedy,.....South Bend, Indiana.
 " Annie Smith,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Annie Curtin,.....Hudson, Ohio.
 " Rosa Goldsberry,.....New York, N. Y.
 " Katie Greenleaf,.....Ottawa, Illinois.
 " Loretto Ritchie,.....Pinckneyville.
 " Lizzie Ritchie,.....Pinckneyville.
 " Genevieve Walton,.....Ypsilanti, Michigan.
 " Fannie Reppetan,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Mary Carlin,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Fannie DeLong,.....Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 " Helen Myhan,.....South Haven, Michigan.
 " Mary Wicker,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Josephine Locke,.....St. Louis, Missouri.
 " Lydia Wyman,.....Canton, Illinois.
 " Lizzie Bradford,.....Pontiac, Michigan.
 " Jennie Corrigan,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Laura McKinnon,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Lizzie Brownbridge,.....Decatur, Michigan.
 " Flora Middleton,.....South Bend, Indiana.
 " Laura Johnson,.....Elkhart, Indiana.
 " Carrie Morgan,.....Centralia, Illinois.
 " Jessie McDougall,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Effie McDougall,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Helen Mann,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Nettie Mann,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Ida Mann,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Kate Hutchinson,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Mamie Hutchinson,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Lousia Hutchinson,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Mary Quill,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Maggie Quill,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Kattie Peak,.....Green Bay, Wisconsin.
 " Ada Peak,.....Green Bay, Wisconsin.
 " Nellie McGrath,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Annie McGrath,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Maggie Poquette,.....Mt. Clemens, Michigan.
 " Margaret Bell,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Annie Lehman,.....Adrian, Michigan.
 " Jennie Stough,.....Waterloo, Indiana.
 " Bell Hildebrand,.....Cleveland, Ohio.
 " Julia Kearney,.....Kansas City, Missouri.
 " Bridget Wilson,.....Trenton, New Jersey.
 " Ellen Cody,.....Lasalle, Illinois.
 " Livonia Mead,.....Ottawa, Illinois.
 " Emma Bowman,.....Covington, Indiana.
 " Minnie Siler,.....Mount Vernon, Ohio.
 " Bessie Siler,.....Mount Vernon, Ohio.
 " Ida Fisk,.....Lawrence, Michigan.
 " Mary J. Bennett,.....Marshall, Michigan.
 " Lizzie Schnurrer,.....Notre Dame, Indiana.
 " Annie Schnurrer,.....Notre Dame, Indiana.
 " Maggie Jackson,.....Detroit, Michigan.
 " Daisie Green,.....Topeka, Kansas.
 " Nellie McAuliffe,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Julia Fanning,.....Syracuse, New York.
 " Charlotte Woodward,.....Mount Vernon, Ohio.
 " Pauline Gaynor,.....Escanaba, Michigan.
 " Marion Faxon,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Lizzie Vincent,.....South Bend, Indiana.
 " Emma Dougherty,.....Washington, D. C.
 " Jennie Stimson,.....Big Rapids, Michigan.
 " Rosa Canoll,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Ella Sweeny,.....Martins Ferry, Ohio.
 " Annie Sweeny,.....Martins Ferry, Ohio.
 " Julia Nunning,.....St. Joseph, Missouri.
 " Louisa Henrotin,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Zettie Meir,.....Ligonier, Indiana.
 " Ella Quinlan,.....Cleveland, Ohio.
 " Bell Turnbull,.....Muskegon, Michigan.
 " Adele Allen,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Bell Wade,.....New Carlisle, Indiana.
 " Abbie Goewey,.....Sioux City, Iowa.
 " Agatha St. Clair,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Mary Summers,.....Notre Dame, Indiana.
 " Alice Cullen,.....Lafayette, Indiana.
 " Louisa Tinsley,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Jennie Kreigh,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Sarah Morane,.....Millburne, Illinois.
 " Lizzie Morane,.....Millburne, Illinois.

" Amelia Koch,.....Cleveland, Ohio.
 " Carrie Maigray,.....Chicago, Illinois.
 " Ada Byrne,.....St. Louis, Missouri.

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PHOTOGRAPHER,

COR. MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON STS.,

Over Coonley's Drug Store,

South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. Bonney will be at his old stand at the College every Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. He has on hand photographs of the Professors of the University, members of the College Societies, etc., etc.,

Which he is prepared to furnish to all desiring!

o24-1f

BOOTS & SHOES.

—O—
TO THE STUDENTS!

BEFORE BUYING YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES,

—WE INVITE—

YOUR ESPECIAL ATTENTION

—TO—

OUR LARGE and COMPLETE STOCK,

SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE

—AND—

Superior to any ever offered in this City.

—O—

WE FEEL WARRANTED IN SAYING

—THAT—

FROM OUR FACILITIES

—AND—

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

—IN THE—

Boot and Shoe Business in South Bend,

We can offer greater inducements to buyers than other dealers

We keep *Honest Work, Clean Stock, Latest Styles*, which we will sell at *Low Prices*.

We pledge ourselves to please all who may favor us with a call. Respectfully,

D. H. BAKER, & Bro.,

100 Michigan Street,
024-2m

South Bend, Indiana.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.30; Cleveland, 2.35 P. M.; Buffalo, 8.55 P. M.
10.38	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.35 P. M.; Cleveland, 10.20
12.27	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.50; Cleveland, 10.10 P. M.; Buffalo 4.05 A. M.
9.11	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
7.54	P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1.10 P. M.
3.55	P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6.30 A. M.
4.50	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.40; Chicago, 8.00 A. M.
5.55	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 6.55; Chicago, 9.10 P. M.
4.51	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 5.45; Chicago, 8.00.
8.00	A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.55 A. M., Chicago 11.10.
7.20	A. M. [No. 71] Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.
J. H. PARSONS, Supt Western Division, Chicago.
W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.
S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup'l.

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....	7.29 P. M.
Freight.....	2.48 A. M.
Freight.....	8.57 P. M.
Pass.....	9.24 A. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Pass.....	8.23 P. M.
Freight.....	10.47 A. M.
Freight.....	4.45 A. M.
Pass.....	11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent

Michigan Central Railroad

Time Table.

From and after May 24th, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.

Night Express,	12.45 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	12.12 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Atlantic Express	8.55 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 a.m.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

Evening Express,	2.35 a.m.
Pacific Express,	4.40 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.25 a.m.
Mail	3.57 p.m.
Day Express	4.35 p.m.
Way Freight	1.45 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

EASTWARD.

Mail—Arrives in Niles	9.15 p.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight	10.30 a.m.

WESTWARD.

Three Rivers Accommodation—Leave Niles	6.05 a.m.
Mail	3.45 p.m.
Pacific Express	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight	5.05 p.m.

SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Trains leave South Bend—8.15 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 3.00 p.m., 6.30 p.m.
Arrive at Niles—8.42 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
Leave Niles—6.30 a.m., 9.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 4.35 p.m.
Arrive at South Bend—7.05 a.m., 9.55 a.m., 1.20 p.m., 5.10 p.m.
Sunday Trains Leave South Bend 9.00 a.m., 7.00 p.m.
" " Arrive at Niles—9.30 a.m., 7.30 p.m.

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Arrive—7.00 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 5.05 p.m.
Leave—8.20 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 3.05 p.m., 6.35 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Arrive—8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m. Leave—9.05 a.m., 7.05 p.m.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago, Illinois.
S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend.
B. CELESTINE, Agent Notre Dame

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	†6:30 p.m.	*4:30 .m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	†9:00 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	†9:45 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.
* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. § Except Monday.		
The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.		
Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains:		
JAMES CHARLTON,	Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,	J. C. McMULLIN,
	CHICAGO.	Gen'l Superintendent,
		CHICAGO

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL

DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p. m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.
J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.
D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.
W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

*Second day.